AN EYE FOR AN EYE

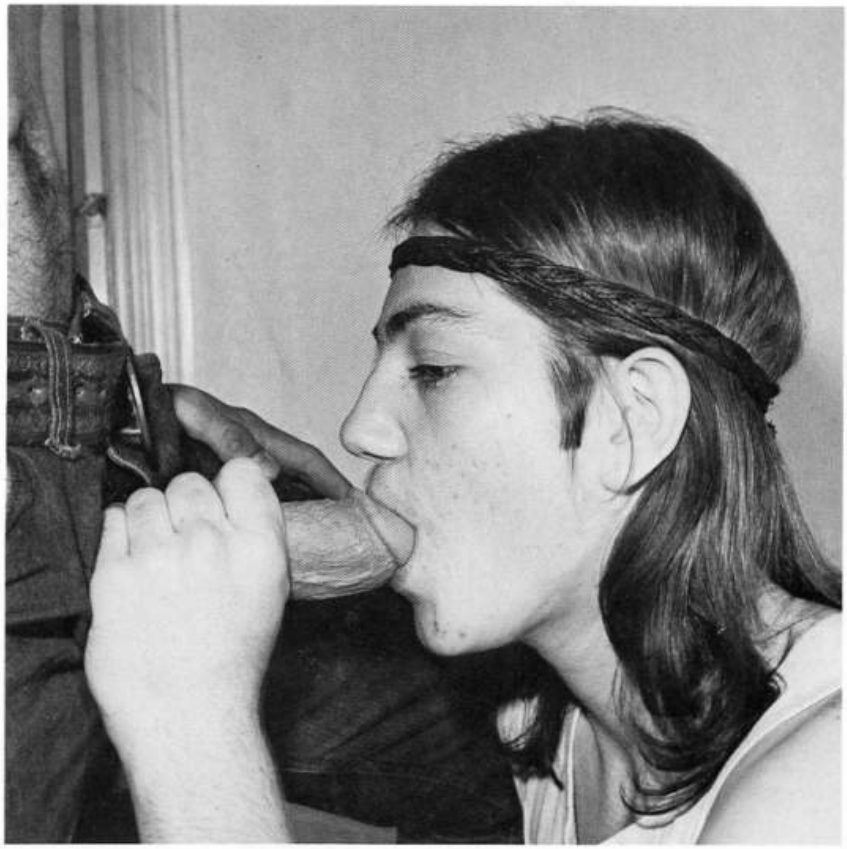
$10.

THE BLINKING EYE

"EAT it, kid . . . SUCK that big, HARD COCK!!"

Karl groaned as Mike tried to take in all the big piece of fuck meat. The boy gagged, unable to get the entire tool down his throat. He had to let the rigid head slip out, so he could take another deep breath before plunging back down on the big stiff dick, that Karl was thrusting at him just as hard and as fast as he could hump it. Karl grabbed Mike by the back of the head, running his fingers through the long brown hair and finally getting a grip on the leather headband the boy was wearing. He started savagely force-fucking the kid in the face. He loved it, loved the feel of a hot wet mouth sucking on his big rod, loved the feel of that tongue flicking on the cum vein, rigid and throbbing, on the underside of his enormous meat.

Karl had known immediately that Mike was hot for him when they had passed each other on the street, earlier in the day. He knew that hungry look well. Those eyes, that seemed to strip him of all his clothes and eat every inch of his body right there on the street, were like all those other eyes that he'd seen so many times before. His prick rared up in his pants in a bone hard, throbbing stiffer. Just a look like that was all it took to turn Karl on. It happened just that way when Mike looked at him. As his big cock sneaked down his pant leg on its way to a full, steel-like hard-on, Karl checked out the glazed look in Mike's eyes. He



looked right at the kid and broke into a big smile.

It didn't take Karl long to work the kid into a free, loose conversation. They exchanged names and various pleasantries. The boy, Mike, never took his eyes off Karl's cock and Karl never took his eyes off Mike. After learning that Mike wasn't really doing much of anything that afternoon except "Hangin' around," as he put it, Karl was quick to invite him out to his place at the beach, saying that he may as well do his hanging around out there. He assured him that it would be a lot more fun than just standing around on a street corner, besides he could go for a swim and maybe get a little sun. Mike was quick to agree. As they walked to Karl's car, Karl managed to be sure he

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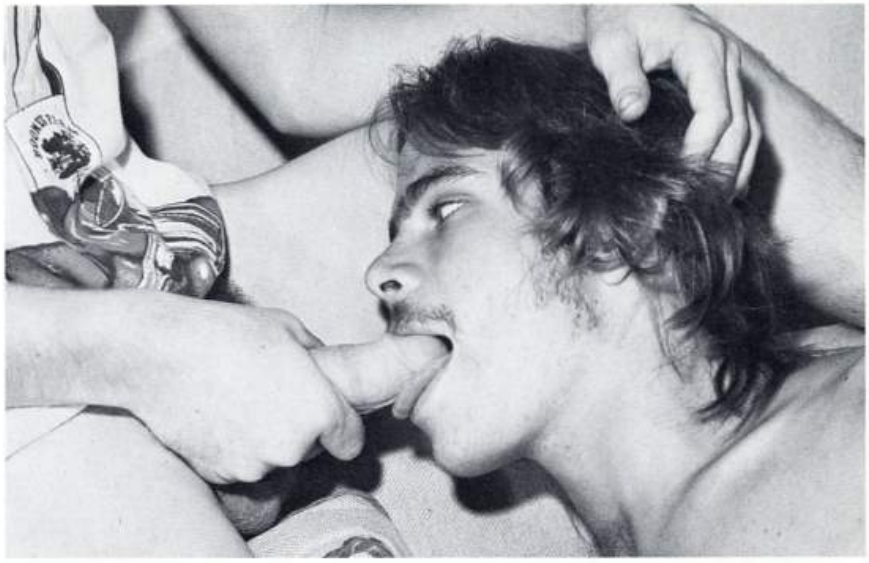

brushed against the kid several times. Every time he did, that big, stiff cock of his banged right into Mike's hip. Every time that big prick that he was so fascinated with touched him, Mike just seemed to freeze. Mike knew that he loved the feeling he got when that big cock was pressed against him. Once, when Mike did his little pause, hoping that Karl's cock would push against him again, Karl didn't disappoint him. Karl thrust against him as hard as he could. His big, stiff ramrod pressed right between the kid's trembling asscheeks. It throbbed like crazy there in that warm, inviting valley of butt. Mike could only moan and press back, hard, against the big invader. They stood pressed against each other only a brief second before Karl broke away with a laugh, mumbling something about how Mike should watch his step or he'd fall. He ambled on to his car as if nothing had happened. He swung the

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in front of Karl's place, dejectedly. He was doubly disappointed since he'd counted on seeing Karl in a tight-fitting bathing suit. Just the thought of that big cock pressed against the fabric of tight trunks was almost more than he could stand. He'd loved it when Karl had pressed it up against him earlier, but the big guy had been so casual about the whole thing that Mike was sure that it hadn't meant anything. He let out a deep

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door open for Mike, before jumping in himself, and roaring off toward the beach. Mike only sat with his hands folded in his lap for the whole trip.

When they arrived at the long stretch of sand where Karl's place was, all their plans for a day of frolicking on the beach were dashed. A thick, chilly fog had rolled in on the entire area, making swimming difficult and sunning impossible. Mike stared out the car window as they pulled up

sigh and turned to Karl with a helpless expression. Karl smiled back at him, gripping him on the shoulder.

"WELL . . . looks like there won't be any beaching it today. So . . . come on in the house. I'm sure we can find something to do."

Karl couldn't understand why the kid hadn't made a play. He knew he sure wanted to fuck the kid's mouth. He shrugged, knowing that he'd be able to work him into it sooner or later, even if he had to give him a little help. Mike was still looking at Karl with a quizzical look because of the last remark, but Karl hopped out of the car and to the door of his house, holding it open for Mike with a big grin. Mike jumped out and ran to the open door. The tank-top he was wearing wasn't really too much protection against that cold fog. He was shivering as he got inside the house. Karl was more accustomed to beach weather and only chuckled. Mike shivered again, his teeth chattering.

"WOW . . . is it cold out here! Have you got something hot to drink or something?"

Karl's smile increased, but his eyes narrowed. He clutched the still half-hard cock in his pants. He looked right at Mike and spoke slowly.

"I have an 'or something' for you . . . and is it HOT! THIS should heat you up good and fast!!"

With one quick flip, he unzipped his pants, releasing that huge cock that was rapidly stiffening back to life, from its Levi prison. It jumped out, drooling a big ooze of lube juice from the little slit in its rigid, red mushroom head. Mike could only stand and stare. It was what he wanted and hoped for. But now it seemed like he just couldn't move. He stood there like he was frozen to the spot. With a gruff laugh, Karl grabbed him by the shoulders and

forced him to his knees.

"HERE . . . I know what you want, all you need is a LITTLE HELP!"

He ran a rough finger between Mike's lips, forcing his mouth open. Then, with a quick jab of his hips, he had the vibrating head of his hot cock in Mike's warm, wet mouth. The treatment was exactly what Mike wanted, to be forced, used and violated. Karl, very aware, recognized all the signs. He kept forcing his cock in the kid's mouth, further and faster, finally cutting off all the kid's wind. Mike gagged, withdrew that big fuck tool, got a breath and tried again.

While Mike was trying to get his breath, Karl stripped off his own clothes to get at the kid better. While he was pulling off his shirt he noticed that the kid had a huge stiffer worked up under his pants. Karl quickly ripped them off the boy, too, so that they were both naked. Then with a lunge, he drug Mike across the floor and flipped him onto the couch. Karl really wanted this kid hot and ready to do anything. Karl, never opposed to sucking a good, hard cock himself, or drinking down a fresh load of man cum, dropped to his knees and went right to work on the kid's stiff meat. Mike groaned and pressed his hips up, against that sucking mouth. His moans of pleasure were turning Karl on even more. That feeling of total control was what Karl loved. Having some hot, young dude thrashing away under him got him off more than anything, as long as he controlled all the action, even if it just meant bringing some stud off when he felt like doing it. He knew how to do it and do it well. It took only one plunge to send that cock all the way in Karl's throat, right to the hilt. All that hot mouth action was more than Mike could take. He reached out a clutching hand, trying to grab Karl's giant fuck

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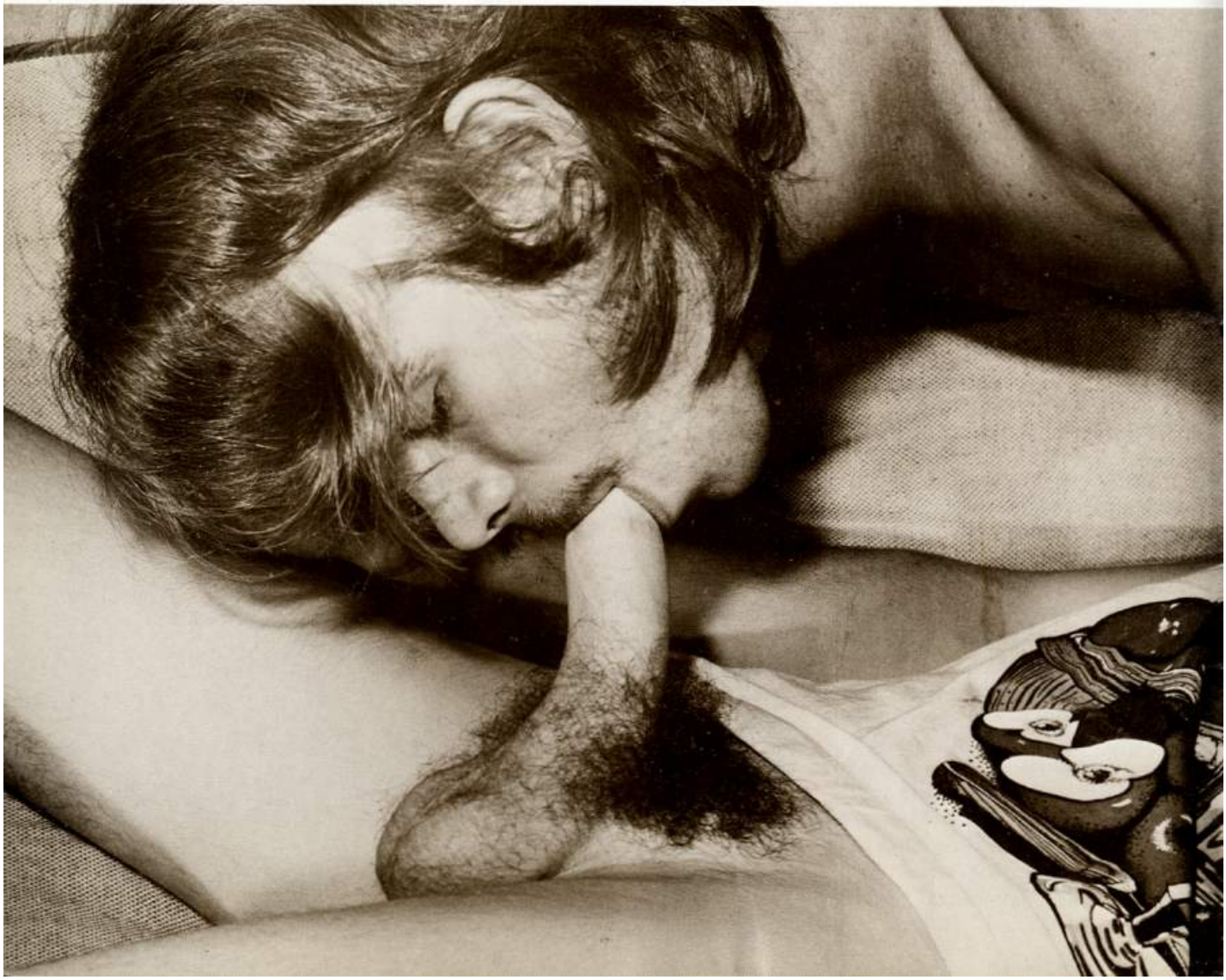

tool. He wanted that big piece of meat back in his mouth, fucking him savagely. Finally, he managed to locate it. He closed his fist tightly around it. That drove Karl wild. Mike began working himself around so that he could get the hot cock back in his open, waiting mouth.

It took only a couple of moves before Mike worked himself into a position so they could work on each other's cocks at the same time. Karl was savagely slamming his big rod deep into Mike's throat, while applying his own expert mouth action to the kid's stiff prick. Mike knew that he wouldn't be able to hold off too long. His nuts were churning furiously. He let his head fall back on the couch with a deep moan. Karl's prick slid out of his sucking mouth. He thrust his hips up off the couch, trying to get his cock even deeper into Karl's hot, working mouth, and clinging throat. It was driving him wild. Karl knew that it would take him longer to cum, so he quickly pulled his

mouth off the kid's vibrating cock. He wanted to keep this kid just hanging by a thread, work him right up to the point of being about to shoot and then just stop short. Mike kept thrusting his hips high in the air, begging Karl to go ahead and finish him off. He was so hot he couldn't even see.

Karl definitely had other ideas. He jerked his head away as those high-hoisted hips slammed the hard cock against his closed lips. Reaching his rough hand around, under that pumping butt, he grabbed two handfuls of tender asscheeks. Mike screamed out but did relax his bucking action. Finally, he lay back on the couch, panting. Karl gave him a stern look, still keeping both his hands dug deep in that twitching ass. Mike only closed his eyes and waited. He knew what was coming next. Karl didn't disappoint him. Moving a finger toward that dark crevice between the tender buns, he located the tight, brown puckerhole. With a quick forward jab, he

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viciously jammed that probing finger roughly into the upturned hole, just as far as he could shove it. Mike couldn't suppress a loud scream of pain, but Karl kept ramming his finger in that tight hole faster and faster, paying no attention to those screams. That probing finger finally found the little buzz-button, buried deep inside that moist, dark hole. Karl rammed his finger against it, jiggling it back and forth. Mike's screams quickly turned to gurgled whimpers of pleasure. His hips started jack-knifing back against the invading finger, which was driving him right to the brink. He didn't really like getting fucked but this was unlike anything else he'd ever felt. He bucked his hips harder, pleading with Karl.

"PLEASE ... pleaseee ... FUCK my ASS! Slam that finger in there, HARD!! Finger-fuck my asshole. F U C K M E ... I'm cummminnn' ... I'M CUUUUMMMMINNN'. ..."

"OH, NO you don't ... not yet you little fucker. I'LL tell you

WHEN!"

Karl quickly ripped his finger out of the kid. Mike's whole body screamed for release. He looked up at Karl, with a pleading expression. Karl's only answer was a big smile. He just slipped his cock in the dripping hole and gave it a quick, hard shove. Mike gasped. Karl withdrew and picked the kid up. He pulled him across the room, kicking the bedroom door open. He flipped Mike on the bed, before standing over him, working his big fuck rod back and forth in his hand. He ran his free hand over Mike's tender butt.

"SO . . . you wanna CUM . . . well, then let's see if THIS does it for you!"

With a hard, vicious shove he rammed his hand-stiffened, fuck monster deep in the kid's waiting asshole. Mike screamed out,

thrashing on the bed, trying to get away. He just wasn't ready for a cock that size shoved up his ass. It didn't matter that the rigid crown was ramming his joy-knob, bringing him closer and closer to shooting-off. That huge, monster cock that was so roughly being forced into him was about to kill him. All that thrashing was getting to Karl, too. He loved the idea of such control. He wasn't going to take long to cum this time. His balls were starting to crack like they were on fire. He took a couple more savage thrusts in that upturned, clinging asshole, then, quickly pulling out his cock, blasted a hot, slick load of wet cum in giant puddles all over Mike's back. Watching himself shooting all over someone set Karl off like nothing else. He shot like he'd never stop,

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then fell in a heap across the bed.

Mike was close to shooting when Karl went off. He was too close not to finish. He rolled over on Karl and located Karl's asshole with his ready-to-burst cock. With one shove he drove it all the way in the big guy. His cock ripped its way in, right to the hilt. Now it was Karl's turn to scream. He clawed at the sheets, trying to get away from that stiff invader. All the rolling movement not only managed to dislodge Mike's cock, pulling it out, but set him off, too. A great flood of cum boiled out of his spurting prick, all over Karl.

Mike panted, recovering his breath.

"Well . . . that game is over . . . wanna try for the NEXT ONE?"

Karl, finally satisfied for the first time in his life, could only smile.

THE SPITTING EYE

Let me tell ya about my horny fuckin' friend, Rick, my roommate. I mean, that hot-cocked sonofabitch is always ready to go after it! He's always hot! Rick's always runnin' around the place stark-naked. Besides always bein' bare-assed, he usually always has a great big hard-on stickin' out from his crotch, too. About all he ever wears around the house is a towel wrapped around his waist and he only puts that on to answer the door or somethin' like that.

I'd first met Rick when I answered one of those cards on the community help board at school. You know, the one near the student union that advertises for help wanted and roommates and stuff like that. I was lookin' for a roommate with an apartment off campus and this sounded like a good deal. I'd been livin' in the dorm and that just wasn't cuttin' it for me. Ya see, I'd only been outta the Marines for a couple of weeks before I started back to school an' that's where it all started, doin' it with guys for money, where I'd first started sellin' my cock by the

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inch to the highest bidder. A buddy of mine there in the Corps had first turned me on to the scene. That bastard had really freaked me out, though. Once when we were out together this dude had offered us fifty bucks to do it with him together as a threesome. My buddy just jumped at that opportunity! So, I started fuckin' the shit outta the guy. I figured he'd wanna suck my friend off while I was doin' that to him. Was I ever wrong! He wanted to GET sucked. So, my buddy went right to work on his cock, suckin' him like an expert! That guy was slammin' his big, stiff fuck tool deep in my buddy's throat just as fast and hard as he could while I was slammin' my own hot cock in his ass just as fast and hard as I could. That Marine fucker didn't pull off either when the guy blew his nuts. He gulped down every drop of that guy's hot, slick cum! I gotta tell ya that I've never been so fuckin' turned on in my life! I musta blown a quart of cum in that guy's guts. I really blasted good while he was unloadin' in my buddy's mouth!

It wasn't too long after that that my friend asked me if I'd like to do a sex trip with him. It seemed that he had a photographer who'd pay us a hundred dollars each if we'd get it on and let him take pictures. You better know that it was me who really jumped at the opportunity this time, but quick! That was the very first time that I ever sucked a cock. But, I'm also gonna tell you that it sure wasn't the last! Anyway, I guess we did just about everything to each other. I figured for a hundred what the hell, right? I even let my buddy slip his big dick in my ass a little bit. I couldn't take it for too long though, 'cause it really hurt like hell! I still don't like to get fucked but every once in a while some dude will get me really turned on and I'll give it a try. I really gotta

be hot, though. It was that photo session that really did it for me, I guess. Pretty soon there I was, suckin' cock for money too, just like my buddy an' makin' more money than he was. 'Course, I got-ta admit that once in a while I did it just for fun when no tricks showed up or I was really turned on to some guy. My buddy in the Corps and I got to doin' it with each other kinda regular when scorin' was bad.

That's really enough about me, though. I was tellin' you how I came to move in with old Rick, the horniest, oversexed stud of all time. Well, like I said, I was livin' in the dorm, if you can call that livin'. It was kinda hard to turn many tricks with so many guys around all the time, wanderin' in and out. I was really gettin' good money hustlin' but it was gettin kinda risky doin' it in men's rooms and movie theaters or even the backseats of cars. In fact, I nearly got busted a couple of times. It was close but I couldn't just give it up. My cock was mak-in' too much money for me. You might say that it was puttin' me through school, sort of. When I met Rick and saw the place and especially when I found out that our schedules were just the reverse of each other's . . . he had lots of afternoon and even some evening classes while mine were all in the early morning and right after lunch . . . well, I knew that I'd found the perfect setup. I jumped at it. He didn't have to work like I did, so I knew that there'd be no trickin' after his last class at ten o'clock, but that was fine with me, too. Shit! The arrangement couldn't have been better. Funny thing, Rick's folks were loaded. I mean, that apartment was far-out! They paid for the whole thing. The only reason that he wanted to share it was so he could pocket the extra money without them ever finding it out. A really sneaky

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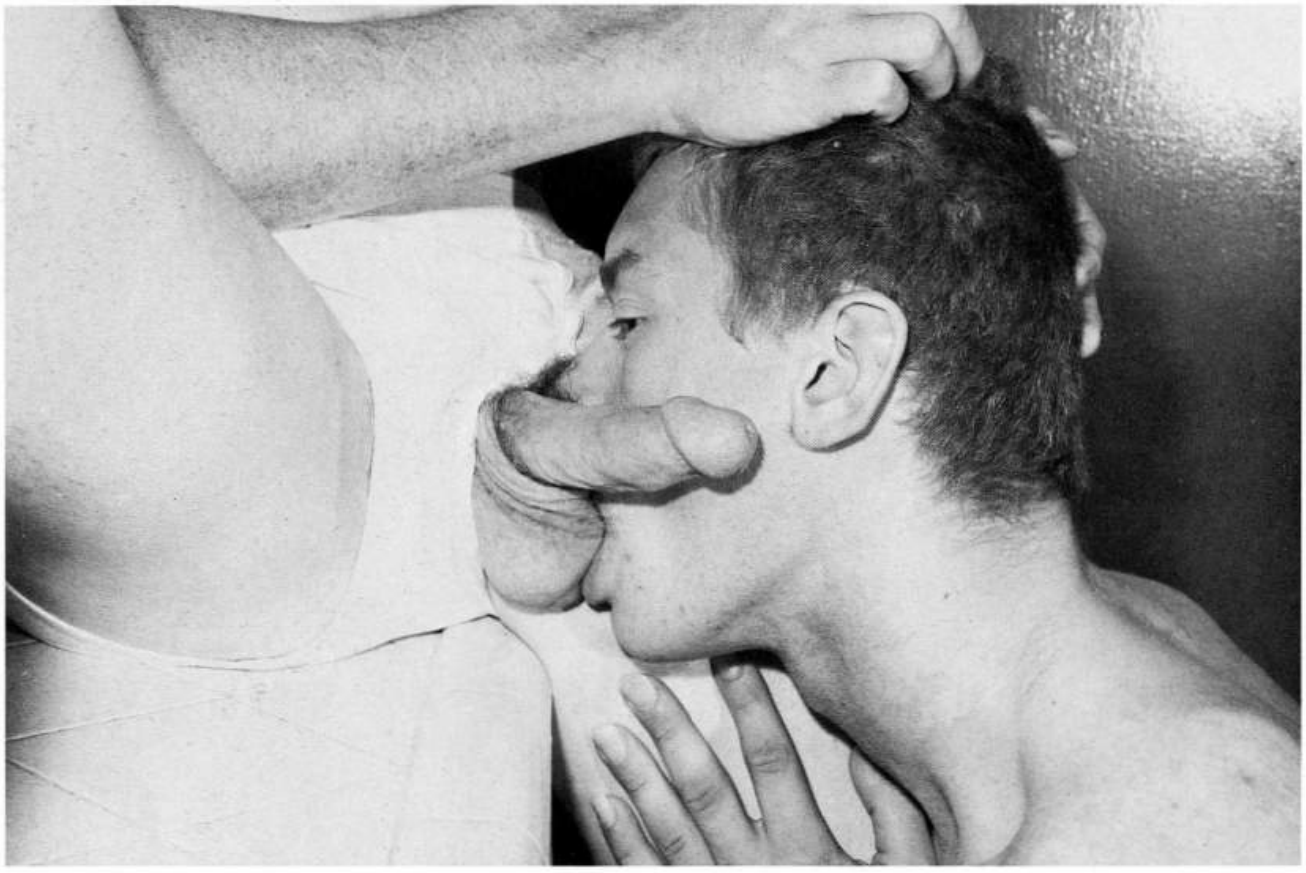

little number, that one!

Only, I didn't know just how sneaky he was! Ya see, I came home early from class one afternoon and some guy was in his bedroom goin' to town on that big, hard, hot cock of his. I didn't have to sneak up on 'em to see what they were doin'. His bedroom door was open and there he was, face-humpin' the shit outta that kid. Fuck if it didn't turn out to be a rich kid from school who was one of my twenty-dollar tricks! I guess he stopped by early. Now, here was ol' Rick fillin' him up with a load of hot, free cum! I could tell that Rick was shootin'. He is a loud fuck when he cums! He groans and moans like he's

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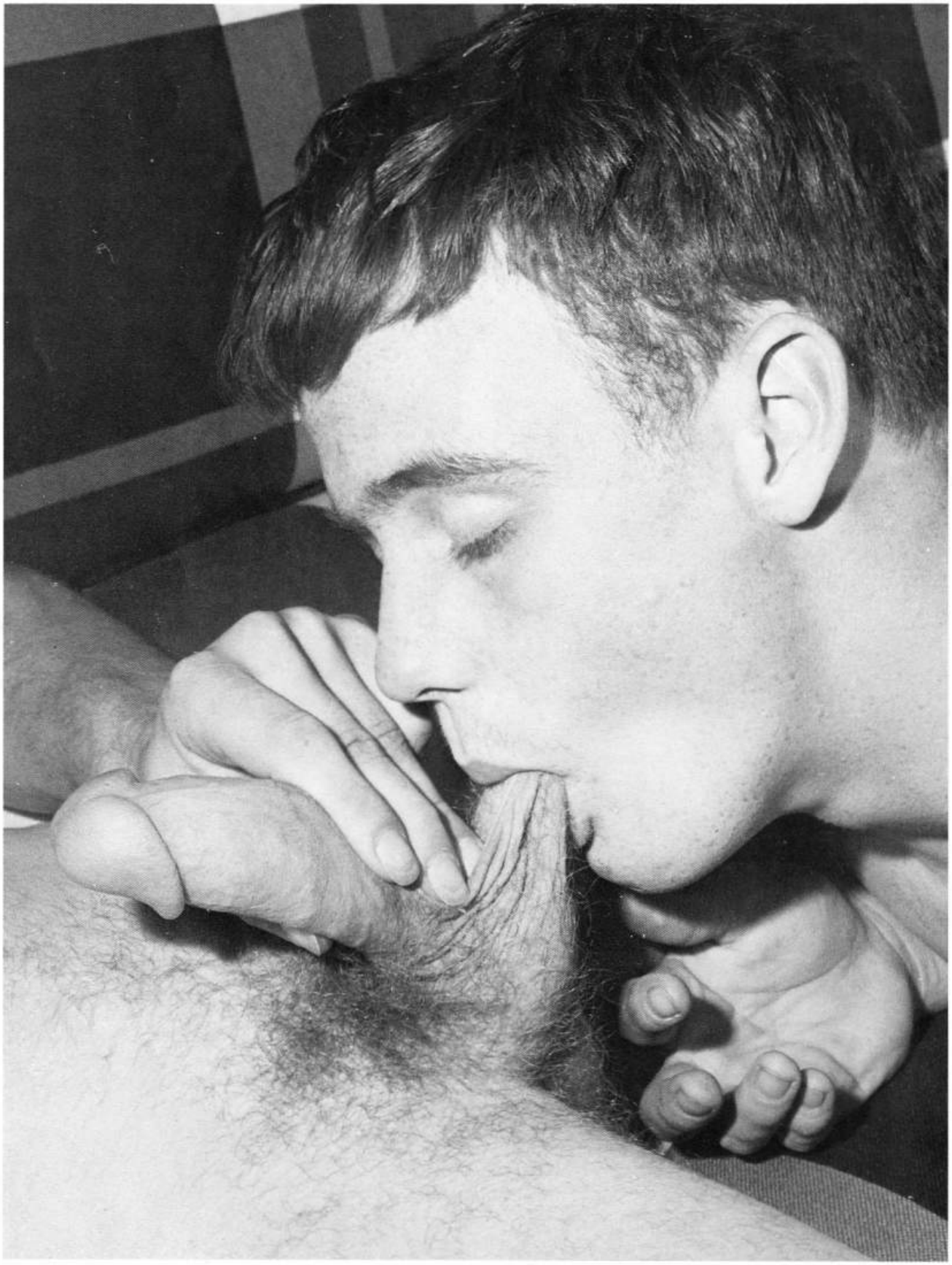
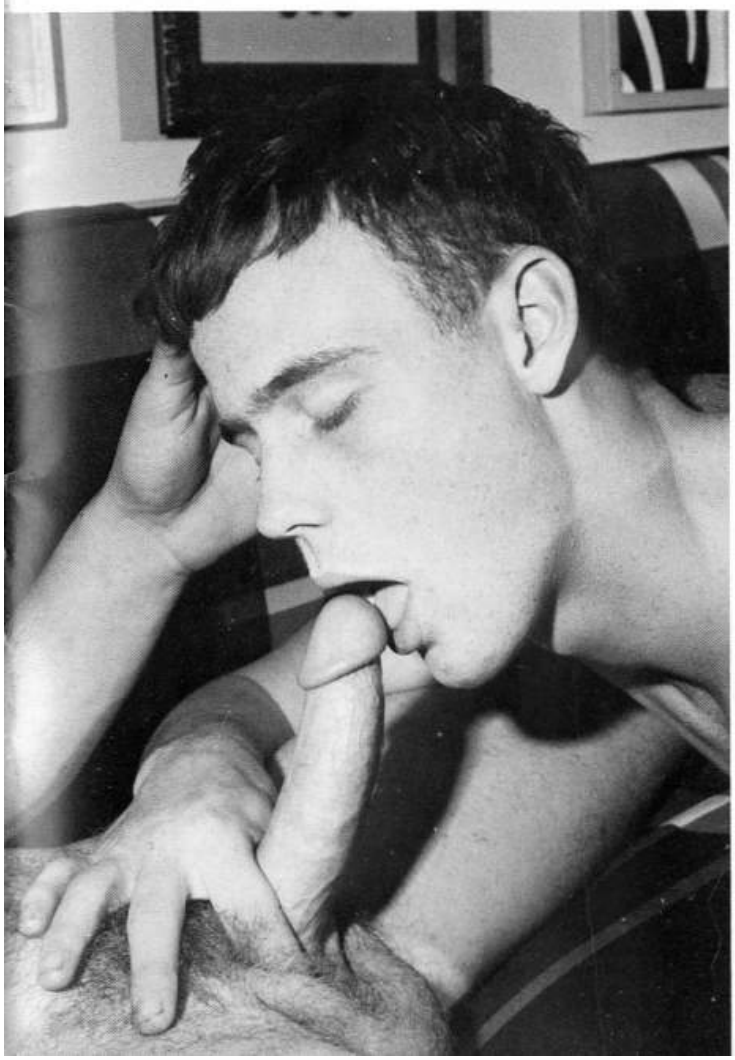




goin' to die. It was just the fact that he was gettin' a suck job and who he was gettin' it from that freaked me, not the sound of him shootin'. SHIT! I heard that all the time! He'd even blown his wad right in front of me. He'd open up a sex book and start to work on his stiff tool with his fist. Oh, when he first started that little action he'd just got goin' a little, then leave the room. Pretty soon he got to the point of almost poppin' before he cut out to his own room. Then, finally, he went too far one day and really blew a great big load all over himself, right in front of me. It didn't seem to bother him at all. He just laughed like the crazy fucker he was and wiped it off with that towel he had nearby all the time. After that he never did bother to go into his room, he'd just go on and pop with me in the same room and watchin'. I think he actually dug my lookin'.

That little scene on the bed was gettin' to be too much for me though. That kid was really a great cocksucker. I could remember how great that hot little mouth was. Just thinkin' about it gave me a boner. I whipped out my own cock, wrapped my fist around it and really went to work on it, beatin' off just as fast as I could. I'd always been a quick cumer. I'm not exactly quiet when I get my rocks but I'm sure as shit a lot quieter than those two. Besides, Rick was makin' all kinds of wild sex noise, moanin' and groanin' and yellin'. They sure didn't hear me unzippin' and didn't even hear me furiously beatin' my meat or when I started groanin' and shot my hot wad. I just neatly caught it in my hand, wiped it on Rick's towel and slipped right back out the door. Those two didn't even know I was there.

Sneaky? I still didn't know just how sneaky he was until the night before last, which was Thursday. I have this regular trick on every other Thursday, that's when his payday is. He loves to get sucked and have you jack-off and shoot all over him. It isn't a lot of money but the guy has a great prick and it is a steady number. Keeps me in smokes, right? Anyway, here I am, really going after this guy's dick and am just about ready to unzip my pants, start to work

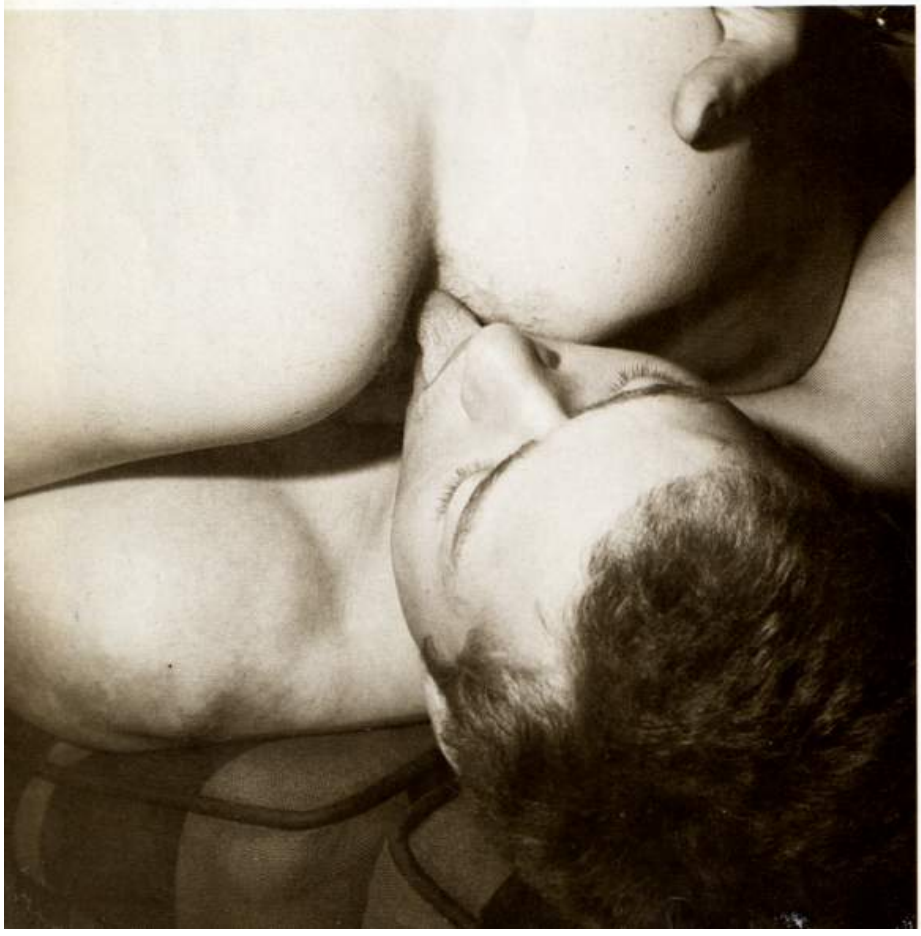
on my own meat and let blow all over the dude when I hear this very familiar moanin' and groanin' behind me. I freeze and turn around. Sure enough, there was Rick, my nutty roommate. He'd dropped his pants down around his ankles and was jackin' on his always stiff prick just as fast as he could move his clenched fist. He was gaspin' for breath like he was about to die. He hissed out to me to keep workin' on the guy. The wildest thing, somethin' snapped in my head. I LOVED the idea of havin' someone watch me bring a dude off! My own cock was throbbin' in my pants like it was on fire. I sucked faster and harder than I ever had before. Rick moved right on over to the bed so he could get a better view. Just then my trick on the bed groaned and shoved that stiff, spurtin' cock of his as far in my throat as he could shove it. He gushed. I

don't mean he just shot-off a lot. That bastard absolutely filled my throat with his slick, hot love juice. That's when Rick yelled out that he was blastin', too. He blew a river of slick cum all over both of us. Ya know what? I fuckin' popped my own nut, too, right there in my pants. NO SHIT! It's the only time anything like that's ever happened to me.

I really didn't see Rick much again until today, Saturday. He just split after he shot and came back when I was already asleep and we missed each other completely Friday. When I got up he was sleepin'. I split to pick up a few groceries. When I got back I could hear the water runnin' in the kitchen and knew that he was doin' the dishes. I started out there but stopped dead, fuckin' cold in the living room. There on the couch was a new fuck book. It had pictures of two guys really goin' after it. Rick had never bought that kind before. Yeah! It was me and my Marine buddy in those photos we took. I about fell through the floor! Layin' right by it was a towel absolutely stiff with cum. Rick musta jacked-off about

twenty times with that book!

I walked on into the kitchen, tryin' to act casual. Rick had a towel around his waist again, like always. He suddenly turned around. A great big stiffer was stickin' out from under it. He shot me this kinda little sly smile as he turned around clutchin' that drippin' 'stiffer. He asked me why I hadn't told him about what I was into, addin' I coulda been swingin' on his cock all along. After a pause, he told me that after seein' that book last night and the way I was goin' after that dude the night before, he nearly busted into my room and raped me! Then, with a sorta snicker, added that the way I was goin' after it wouldn't exactly be rape! Now, look, don't get me wrong. Rick is a good guy and pretty good-lookin', but he just



isn't exactly my type, you know? It's a good thing, too. If he was, runnin' around like he does all the time naked with a stiff-on and like that, I wouldn't be able to keep my fuckin' hands off of him!

BUT . . . right now, with him standin' there just offerin' it to me, what am I supposed to do. After all he ain't exactly a turn-off either! He reached out and grabbed me over to him and that really did it for me. I started kissin' the dude as hard as I could. He started pressin' me down to my knees. There was that big stiff cock just a couple of inches away from my face. What did I do? You know what I did! I started suckin' it like crazy! I guess these pictures did have a wild effect on Rick. Almost before I knew what was happenin' he had me stripped, too, and was workin' on my own stiff prick! Not that I was objectin' at all, understand! It did nearly fuckin' freak me out! He went right to work on my meat just like

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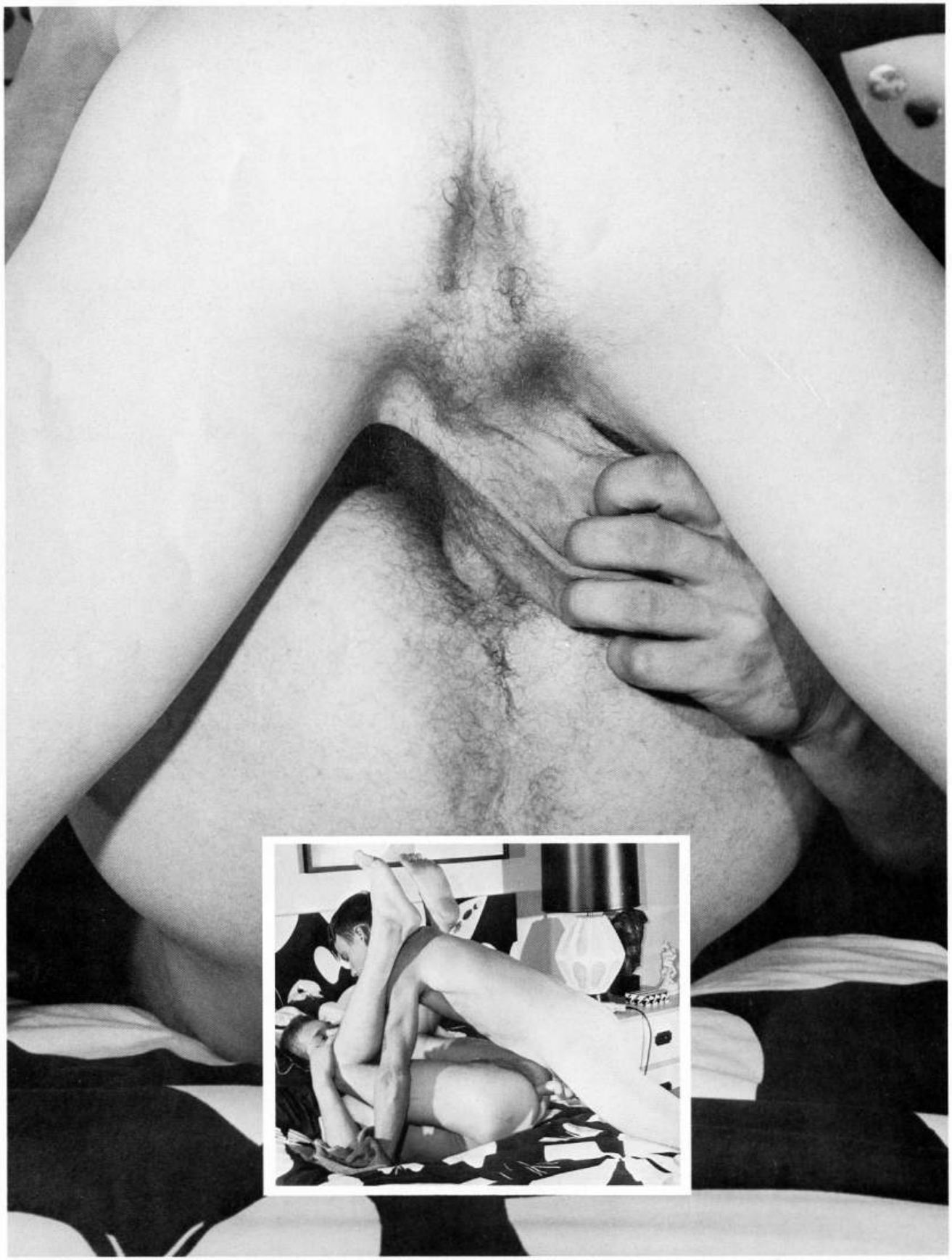

an expert. We didn't stay in the kitchen too long. I'd always suspected Rick was some kind of watch freak, with all those magazines and all around the house. Especially after the way he got so turned on watchin' me do it to that guy the other night. Anyway, he practically drug me into the other room where that cum-spattered book was layin' on the couch.

He had me flat on my back on that couch, workin' on my stiff fuck tool in about two seconds

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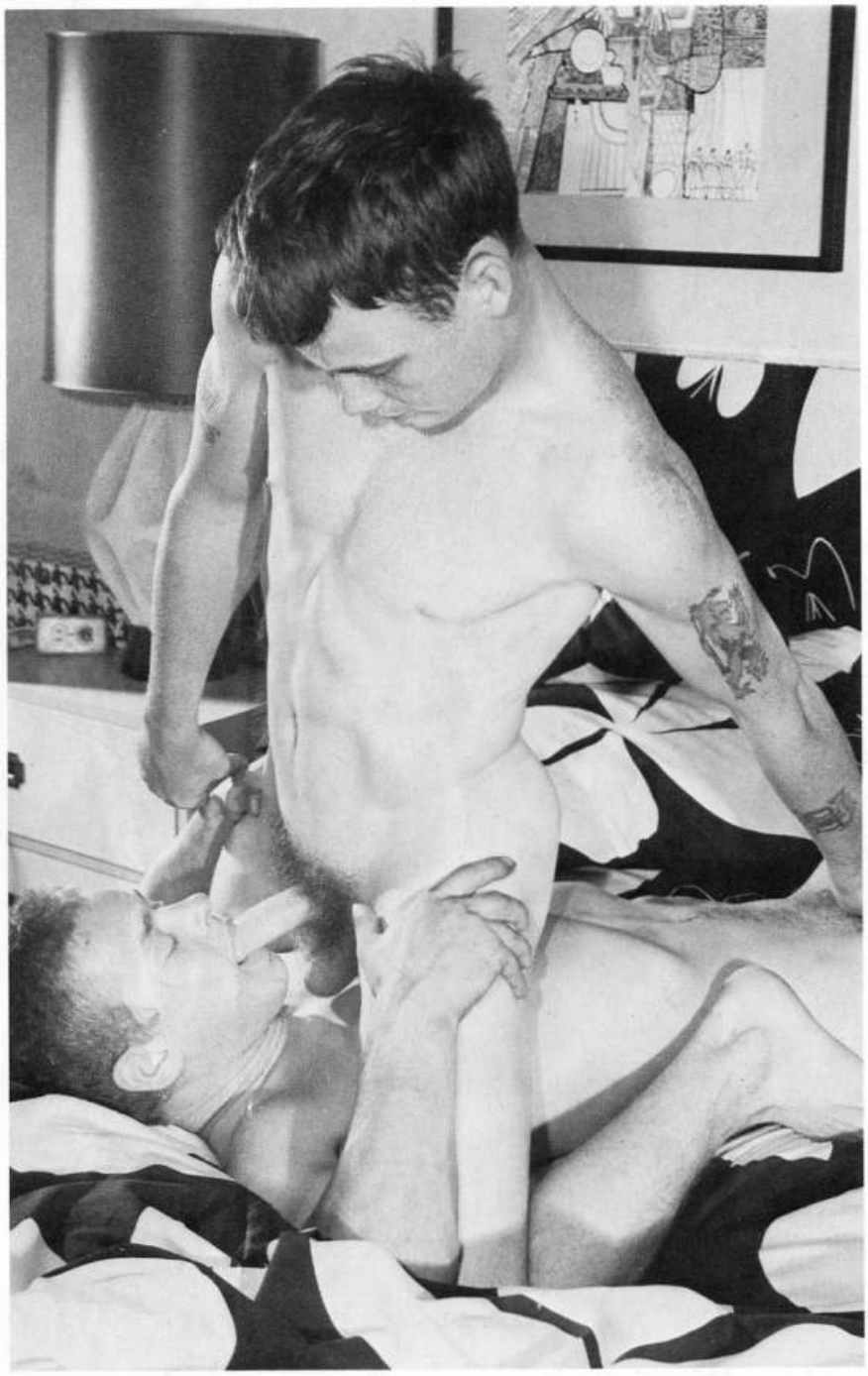
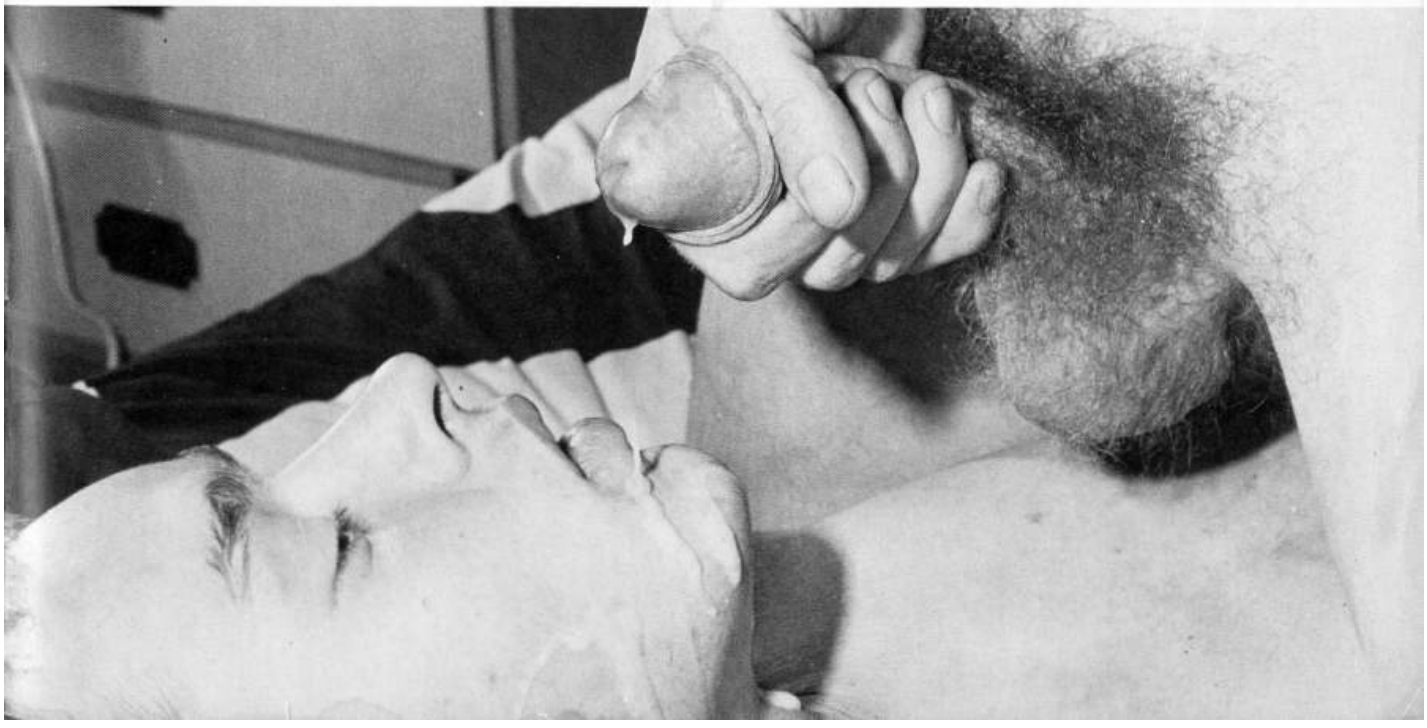


flat! He kept the book open on the floor beside us so he could suck me and look at it at the same time. Now, I wasn't sure if he dug the action in the book or was just checkin' to see if he was doin' it right. It really didn't matter to me, either way, 'cause that hot mouth of his was really gettin' to me. That's when he started shovin' his finger up my ass, like the guy in the pictures had done. Like I told ya, I don't really dig gettin' fucked but with that finger jammin' into my buzz-button, I forgot all my hang-ups, right then and there!

This time it was me that practically drug him right into my bedroom so we could get down to it for real. Did we go after it! First him suckin' me, then me suckin' him and, finally, both of us doin' it to each other at the same time. While we were sixty-ninin' is when I got the idea to eat out his ass. That way I could tell how really turned on he was. Was he turned on! He grabbed me and hoisted me behind him, beggin' me to fuck the shit outta him! I did! I shoved my cock in right up to the hilt! He LOVED it! He kept slammin' his hips back against me to meet every thrust. I can tell ya, it sure didn't take long to crack my nuts. That bastard was tremblin'. He jumped up, flipped me on the bed and slammed his cock home in my asshole. I screamed like I was bein' killed. That prick didn't care, just kept fuckin' away. It's a good thing he didn't take long to blow his wad. That fucker practically tore me out a new asshole!

Well, Rick and I are really good buddies now, but we're not exactly lovers, if ya know what I mean. Still, we do get it on all the time. What we're really into is to get another guy up here and the three of us really have a go at it. That's sure increased my income. BUT . . . I gotta tell ya one thing, Rick still doesn't know I'm collectin' money for our little sessions. I can be pretty sneaky, myself!



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